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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. XI.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1885.

NO. 38.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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For a shorter time at proportionate rate.
One inch of space constitutes a square.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attack that would knock and nearly prostrate you.

BROWN'S IRON

Tonic

BITTERS

Best Tonic

Strengthens the Nerves, Stimulates the Heart, Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Springfield, Mass., says:

"Brown's Iron Tonic has been a great success in removing the effects of rheumatism, and I consider it equal to any other medicine in its power to remove the disease. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and I can heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from rheumatism or any other disease." — Dr. J. L. Myers, Springfield, Mass.

LADY'S HARD SOUP

Taking list of prices for many articles, information and advice, and also a full list of books, may be obtained by any one on receipt of 50 cents.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL FOR 1885.

An Organ of

Live Ideas, Live Issues

AND MORAL FORCES.

And an Enemy of Monopolies, Oligarchies

and the Spirit of Subsidiary, as embodied in

That THIEVING Tariff

The Courier-Journal is the acknowledged Representative of the New South, Democratic in Politics, and first, last and all the time for a reduction of the war-taxes, levied on the people by the tariff now in force.

THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

is without a superior in the world as a great

fair and popular newspaper.

In year 1863 it will strike more seriously and hopefully than ever in its political faith, not

but in its moral and social bearings, however.

It is a powerful organ, and will be a

choice miscellany that causes it to be sought

by every man, woman and child.

The Courier-Journal who desire to be

informed on passing events. The Weekly

Courier-Journal is the leading

LARGEST DEMOCRATIC CIRCULATION

Over 100,000 in America.

If you are unconnected with any newspaper

or periodical, or if you are a subscriber

to any paper, you will find it

the newspaper press of the United States.

If money, industry and enterprise

are your aims, then the Courier-Journal

is the great organ for you.

It is a great organ for you.

HARTFORD WEEKLY HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT, EDITOR.

WEDNESDAY 23 SEPTEMBER.

The Second Edition of "Jimtown"

Suggs.

Editor Herald: In continuing this article let me again remind the reader that it only applies to party principles, exponents and leaders. The masses, in the main, are honest, conscientious citizens, many of whom are my friends, and thousands of whom drift with the party without affinity, but repelled from the Democrats by the idea that Democracy means all that is obnoxious to a lover of the Union and Constitution.

It is quite charitable, if not complimentary, to say that Garfield was not familiar with the particular history of Plymouth, and that he was misled by Summer's notorious lie. I grant nothing that does such discredit to his intelligence. He was a brilliant and avowed leader, and was perfectly familiar with the political as well as general history of the country. He knew what those "germ ideas" planted at Plymouth were, and was only too willing to feed his proscriptive mind upon such pabulum. He knew the *Pugwags* who had taught him all his doctrine and notions of public law and public duty were secessionists, traitors, robbers, bigots, and chancers over the precious right to traffic in the flesh of Indians and negroes. He was no better than Sherman, and Sherman is no better than Blaine, and Blaine is meaner than the sneaking Puritan that stole the Indian's pot and corn.

Before 1807 these graceless zealots, whose Puritanic origin is as marked as the nationality of a Jew, conspired with Canada to make a Republic of New England under British protection. This was a natural sequence to the popular leaning to monarchy led by Hamilton and in perfect accord with their notions of secession.

Soon after this cabal plot to destroy the union, that typical predecessor of Garfield, Blaine and Sherman, John Quincy announced to Congress that they would leave the Union "peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must."

When the war of 1812 began they were virtually out of the Union, and not only refused to assist it, but aided the enemy all they could. And when Jackson's route, at New Orleans, of 12,000 picked veterans from Wellington's army fresh from Waterloo, with about 6,000 raw Kentucky and Tennessee militia "closed the war in a blaze of glory." "New England's commissioners at Washington found themselves only the discredited agents of a meeting of secret conspirators against the unity of the Republic which had deserted their country in its hour of sorest need."

Clay and Webster, although emanationists, warned the Republic against these Pilgrim Fathers, who now wore Abolitionism as a disguise, declaring that "if ever they got hold upon the organized physical forces of the country they would rule without law, scoff at the authorities of the courts, and throw down all defenses of civil liberty." How prophetic and how true the sequel proved.

We now approach an epoch when we may justly deny the party of whatever is extorting in fanaticism. When the Blue Laws were rampant, when it was unsafe to express even a doubt of a witch's guilt, when Roger Williams was banished for saying the Indians ought to be paid for their lands, and a man ought not to be punished for honest convictions, when the fifty-five witches writhed in the flames of torture at Salem, when the pot gutted Puritan's stomach was nauseated by honeyed promises then sold them, and their black art would not fail them now. They could seem a saint when most they played the devil. Cringing, fawning and with despicable cant, with Esau's hand and Jacob's voice, they went into Congress in July '61, and there solemnly promised, predetermined to violate their sacred oath, that the war should be conducted to preserve the constitution not revolutionize it. What a scene of saintly dissembling. This was a depth of infamy, for the chivalric South was wholly unprepared and right here her star began to wane, the glory of her hope to fade. This solemn promise meant Xerxes against Leonidas in an open country without a Thermopylae.

Trusting implicitly in this pledge, the Democrats throughout the North and the border States, betrayed by duplicity, in their anxiety to save the Union, flew to arms by hundreds of thousands. The result was inevitable. Spartan courage and stoic endurance could not always withstand the dreadful shocks of such an army. That God always favors the heaviest battalion is proverbial. Napoleon said "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve." That the Cause was lost, and went down in blood, proves it was wrong, no more than it proves it was right. The war decided nothing but the complete triumph of the strong over the weak.

The logic of brute force proves nothing but brute victory. But it was a glorious stand in an open field against Xerxes, in which more of the South's valiant sons went down to battle and never returned than England lost in all her wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria. When the Light Brigade shook free their reins, grasped their sabers and darted into the jaws of death at Balaclava, the eyes of five nations were fixed upon that superb charge, but it was only for 20 minutes. But the world looked down, transfixed by admiration, for four long years, upon the dauntless Confederates beating back the hordes of the North, numbering ten to one.

How the patriotic army of Union Democrats were betrayed into becoming accessory in a war of pillage after they had sworn to obey their superiors in arms. How delusive the ostensible purpose of saving the Union. And what dissatisfaction in that army when the real motive began to show its cloven foot. Thousands of soldiers among us can tell. I myself remember something about the reports of Buell's devotion to the cause till he was required to stick the torch to the South, and of McHenry's disgust at the policy of the war. Overrun, hopeless, weary and starved, a little battle-scarred band all covered with glory, of less than 100,000, surrendered to a magnificent army of over 1,000,000. This immortalized Grant. Let him wear the laurels. I would not, if I could, pluck one from his noble brow. But Homer's Troy scarcely furnishes a parallel to the valor and fortitude of the intrepid heroism of the chivalric Confederates.

Seward immortalized himself by proposing measures "which would result in civil war, and promising to the negroes should be invited to rise in 'blacked insurrection,'" "Free Love," "Community of Property" and all other nasty and novel socialisms became plastic, tough-headed elements in the hands of these implacable crusaders against the South. Our Southern fathers "had lead us through the perils of the revolution, settled our institutions and given our country its high place in the estimation of the world," and why should the South desire to dismember the Union? Nothing could have driven them to so desperate a measure but the fact that there was no living with the Abolitionists who had stepped forward and claimed the whole earth, and were determined upon another Narragansett war of pillage on a stupendous scale. Servile insurrection and a general butchery of the South was a part of their programme from the beginning, and had it not been for the Northern Democrats to whom we owe everything, who determined to oppose a lawless expedition of pillage, identical in spirit with those "germ ideas" planted at Plymouth and propa-

gated by party leaders from Dowing to Sherman, the South's worst fears would have been realized.

Tell me that such a crusade, led by such men, in such a spirit, was patriotic and patriotic! As well tell me that "Sherman's March to the Sea," which unloosed a bestial soldiery upon our virtuous women, was a Christian triumph, or that Judas was the Christ.

Abolition of slavery immediate was only a convenient and most deceptive mask of malignant, plundering, cowardly hate. They wanted to free the negroes, but it was in the spirit of robbery. And when we tear this white-robed hypocrisy off their real motive, we expose them in all their deformity. Had there been no war the gradual emancipation of slavery would have been accomplished before the close of the century; but, had there never been a negro on the continent, there still would have been a war before now. The germs of the late war were faithfully carried from England to Holland, and from Holland on the Mayflower to Plymouth. Here they were planted and here they flourished. They grew up into open hostility every decade till finally culminating in '61.

By a combination of imposture and accident, this party, against whom Clay had faithfully warned the people, came into power, reeking with hostility to the Union and Constitution, and with rapacity and hate ranking in their hearts. And when the Northern Democrats begged the South not to withdraw, he answered was "in any event we shall be slaughtered by the Abolitionists." Who can deny that the organized lawlessness of the North, breathing curses upon the most sacred provisions of the Constitution, upon the church and God Himself, was but the exordium to an atrocious policy, the prologue to a tragedy that out-Herods Herod.

But for the first hand of Grant, upon whose name for the noble act, the sweetest blessing of the South will descend, that surrendered army would have been butchered indiscriminately. But for the outspoken indignation of the civilized world, Jefferson Davis and his generals would have been murdered by the red hand that hung Mrs. Surratt. And had it not been that reconstruction "fell of its own weight of infamy" the South would have been made a desert. The ravages of war ruin, but reconstruction sat upon the John Brown's fatal raid. Something must be done. And the devil and their peculiar hypocrisy, and treachery were equal to the dire emergency. They had betrayed hundreds of Pequods, as against that canting, cream-faced, in famous duplicity of that infernal Plymouth, as I would teach them their evening prayers.

SUGGS.

The Republican Succession and Suggs.

Editor Herald: Your talented correspondent, "Suggs," has learnedly traced the regular succession of Republicanism from the Mayflower Puritanism, planted on Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts. He speaks the truth of history, for all the essentials of Puritanism have been regularly handed down from the "Pilgrims" of 1620 to the present, in which they are preached and practiced by the "grand old party" of so-called high moral ideas. The Federalists, Whigs, Free-Solders, Native Americans, Know-Nothings and Abolitionists, all had more or less of the Puritan spirit and idea, and the Republicans took up all the intolerance, persecution, and proscription of the Plymouth Rock devils and demons.

The Puritan Saints, a canting kind,

Small frailties and peccadilloes dwell,

With intolerant creed contract the mind,

And doom unbelievers to hell.

It is a fact that "Secession" was first advocated in New England, and the Abolitionists said: "If the South does not get out of the Union, we will kick her out!"

One, "Schoolboy," once thought

Thomas Jefferson "infit to be the ancestor of a great party." I wonder what this "Schoolboy" of the Republic can party thinks of his ancestors now that the able historian, "Suggs," has shown him his pedigree!

Let me say, friend "Suggs," the receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief who stole them—and a vast deal more cowardly and mean! Mr. Tate accepted the committee's nomination, when he knew it was wrong, and that such a nomination was a usurpation of the people's rights. No sound Democrat will accept anything that is not honest and right. Precedent—the devil! We've had too much "precedent," from the landing of the Pilgrims down to Blaine's bollowing!

Rutherford B. Hayes accepted the Presidency after the "returning boards" which had been "whooped up" by the "visiting statesmen" gave a fraudulent majority on the "face of the returns" and a majority of one in the "Electoral Commission" voted him into "His Fraudulence." No; down with precedent!

W. H. CUNDIFF.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit.

Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all coughs and colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery.

Trial bottles free at Griffin & Bro. drug store.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburgh, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters; I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Having had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me that I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated.

I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklin's Arnica Salve; and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklin's Arnica Salve at 50c. per box by Griffin & Bro.

All in the Line of Nature.

There is nothing in the line of magic or mystery about that wonderful and popular medicine, Parker's Tonic. It is simply the best and most scientific combination possible of the essential principles of those vegetable curatives which act powerfully and directly on the stomach, liver kidneys and blood.

But the ne'er is, nor will be, any successful imitation of it. It is all the time curing those who had despaired of ever getting well. For yourself, your wife and children.

This mounts their courage kindles even me."

It took four years of indomitable will, 2,685,523 men and a thousand vessels commanded by the commanding military genius of the North, 300,000 lives, four billions of dollars backed by millions more of men and money, a famine, universal blockade and a Gettysburg to whip and capture it.

And just in proportion as Grant's

military genius is great it adds luster to

Lee's. They go down in history, Lee towering above him as his 120,000 men outnumbered Lee's 17,000 at Appomattox. Let the unbiased with just indignation tear that mask of pretended love of the Union and philanthropy from off the double dealing motives of the Abolitionists, and then ask in the name of all that is just and true, who were right? Conscience and public opinion are the only known arbiters, and if left to these what will be the verdict? With no qualms or misgivings the South submits her cause to these just tribunals.

But what of the promise given the Democrats four years before in Congress, by which they were decoyed into a war against their brethren? No people in any age has ever furnished an instance of greater perfidy. Instead of bringing back the subdued States, whom New England had sold slaves and taught secession, with rights unpaid, instead of conducting the war to preserve the constitution true to that, old bred-in-the-bone Puritan spirit of treachery and pilage, they unknelt all the passions of venality and rankling hate, and set them hungry and fierce upon these bleeding States, disfranchising, oppressing, robbing and murdering, with a brutal ferocity only equaled by the baseness of their forefathers when they swapped the sword for negroes. They kept this promise just as they had kept faith with the South when they sold them worthless slaves and wooden nut-megs. But this infamous betrayal which led hundreds of thousands of Union Democratic soldiers to take an oath to obey their superiors, believing it was a way to preserve the Union and Constitution, was but the exordium to an atrocious policy, the prologue to a tragedy that out-Herods Herod.

It is meet that every age should have its Heracitus and Democritus to moan and laugh commensurate with the wickedness of the times, this period in American history ought to have a Rhodian Colossus to load as load as the Jewish lion, which approached within 300 miles of Rome and roared till the very teeth of the inhabitants were shaken out of their heads, and a Democritus as big as Bartholdi's Statue to hold his monster sides and shake the continent with his thundering guffaws.

Am I a Democrat without a reason, have I voted for Tate without a cause, or is my patience with party leaders in vain? Is it any wonder that every pulse of my heart, every drop of my blood, every cell of my brain and every scintillation of my mind is intensely Democratic? And if I were to bring up with a whole colony of boys I would teach them of their ancestral blood of Jamestown as against that canting, cream-faced, in famous duplicity of that infernal Plymouth, as I would teach them their evening prayers.

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HARTFORD WEEKLY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY 23 SEPTEMBER.

Time Card of C. O. & S. W. Railroad, in Effect July 19th.

West from Louisville	East from Memphis
No. 714 No. 114	No. 249 No. 18
8 35 P 8 30 A	Louisville 6 33 P 1 30 A
9 00 10 15	Louisville 7 20 10 27
11 37 12 55	Letchfield 8 20 10 27
12 02 A 12 27	Caneycity 8 32 10 01
12 35 1 10 P	Roxbury 8 32 10 01
12 45 1 15 P	Benton 8 32 10 01
1 04 1 32	Beaver Dam 8 18
1 31 2 01	Elkhorn 8 45
1 35 2 16	Rockport 8 45
1 53 2 40	Central City 8 45
2 08 3 03	Nortonville 8 32
3 07 3 47	11 30 A 1 32
3 38 4 28	Dawson 8 45
5 04 5 30	Prairie du Chien 8 45
1 30 P 7 06	Praudache 8 45
6 24 8 40 A	Memphis 11 40 P 1 15 A

LOCAL ITEMS.

A Fancy of Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A DAY-DREAM, A.C.

There is a young lady in town,
Whose flirting brings her renown;
No discretion has she,
But "fun" is her plea,

And her rivals look on with a frown.

She does not know what she says,
A friend she will wound with her ways,
For she's thoughts you know,
In drawing her beam,

And to make a new "mash" is her crave.

She's a good-hearted girl when at home,
But to create a sensation
Is her greatest ambition.

And this, of her faults, is alone.

New pickles at the Red Front.

Buy your ice at the Red Front.

Frank Siddle soap at the Red Front.

Stone and glass fruit jars at the Red Front.

For a nice fitting shoe, call at H. B. Taylor & Co.

Good all wool jeans for 35 cents, at H. B. Taylor & Co.

Diamond Dyes of all shades and colors at the Red Front.

Oh! oh! that baker's bread at the Red Front is so nice. Try it.

Don't fail to visit the Red Front when you come to the Fair.

The handsomest styles in gents neck wear at Anderson's Bazaar.

Remember Red Front keeps constantly on hand fresh baker's bread.

A communication from Whiteville was received too late for publication.

Red Front will keep plenty of extra fresh oysters on hand to sell by the can.

Gente handsome patent leather pumps just received at Anderson's Bazaar.

Red Front has the cheapest sugars, coffee and molasses in town. Try them.

For nice confectioneries, fruits, nuts, &c., during the Fair, go to the Red Front.

For ham, lard, bacon, breakfast bacon, chickens, turkeys, &c., go to the Red Front.

The new goods are still rolling in at Austin Williams & Co., Beaver Dam, Kentucky.

Red Front will receive this week another lot of Iggleheart's best grades of flour. Best in the world and always gives satisfaction.

If you want fresh oysters, cove oysters or anything to drink or smoke drop in at R. A. Patton's sample room and you can get it.

Uncle Len Barrett, a faithful and honest old colored man died last Sunday. He was a faithful slave, an honest and industrious man since free.

Hartford is blessed with Mr. C. R. Martin, the best jeweler in Southern Kentucky. He does all kinds of jewel-work. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. F. Schimpfner, the boss shoemaker is still on, who will find him at the old stand, where you can get a new boot or shoe made in style and on short order.

Mr. Thompson Mitchell departed this last Saturday morning, at 3 o'clock at his residence, three miles above Hartford. He was 72 years old and has always lived an honorable upright life. His death was caused by blood poison. Rev. J. R. Dempsey was requested and came and held funeral services Sunday. A very large number of relatives and acquaintances attended.

The dwelling house and part of the contents belonging to Mrs. Combs, a few miles above Hartford, was destroyed by fire last Thursday morning. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is supposed to have caught from the cook stove. The building was insured for \$800 and the contents for \$200 in the Phenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, New York.

When you come to the Fair be sure to put your horses in the new Feed and Exchange Stable, where they will receive good attention. They have plenty of room for 150 horses. Now boys if you want a buggy during the fair, just drop into this stable and you will get a rig that will make you smile all over yourself.

Arrangements have been perfected for one of the grandest balls that was ever in Hartford, to take place Thursday night of the Fair. Some 300 or 400 invitations will be issued.

Princes, potentates, plain people, everybody needs Samaritan Nervine, \$150, at Druggists. "Our child had fits. The doctor said death was certain. Samaritan Nervine cured her." Henry Kne, Vervilla, Tenn., \$1.50 at Drug-gists.

Master James Lee Brown, a son of Mr. A. T. Brown, near Rockport, fell off a corn crib last Thursday, breaking both bones of his leg just above the ankle, and dislocating the ankle. Dr. Layton set the limb, and reports him getting along very nicely.

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Mr. L. Baldwin, the contractor to build the amphitheatre for the new Fair grounds completed the work last Friday. He was ably assisted by Mr. J. B. Rogers. They bid us good by Saturday and left for Rosine.

Henry Pace, the noted tonsorial artist, will move his shop to the Hartford House during the fair, where he will be prepared to do all work in his line with neatness and dispatch. Be sure to give him a call.

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Mr. Nettie Coffleberry, of Osage Mission, Kansas, is visiting her uncle, Mr. W. T. King.

Mr. E. D. Guffy, our fellow-townsman, is very ill at the home of his father in Morgantown.

Mrs. Champion left Monday for Eddyville, Ky. She is in delicate health and is at Eddyville under her father's treatment.

Mr. Daniel King and daughter, Miss Artie, of Somerville, Ind., are visiting his sisters, Mrs. A. P. Hudson and Miss Lucy King.

Miss Nora Massie is very ill in Owensboro, with typhoid fever. Her father, Judge Massie, went down last week and returned Monday. He reports her some better.

Mrs. Henry Griffin and children, accompanied by Mr. F. M. Joplin's children, arrived Saturday from Elizabethtown. Diphteritis is raging among the children there.

Mr. H. B. Ward, a former citizen of Ohio county, but now a resident of Marshall county, is here on a visit of business and pleasure. He reports cross good in his region. Of course he subscribed for the HERALD—says he could do without it no longer.

Dr. V. M. Taylor, of this county, but more recently from Letchfield, has located in Wellington, Kansas. His family left here Saturday night to join him there. Judge A. B. Baird went with them as far as Louisville. Dr. Taylor stands high here as a physician and gentleman, and is well thought of by every person who knows him.

The following gentlemen attended the tobacco celebration in Louisville last Friday: Messrs. C. L. Hardwick, C. M. Pendleton, W. E. Roberts, Simon Small, Robert Daniel, Jr., A. T. Nall, Moses Hudson, John Barnett, John Riley, Frank Felix, Ellis Thomas, W. H. Moore and Capt. Cox. They report a tremendous crowd and a good time generally.

The Colored Glee Club gave a performance, for the benefit of the M. E. church, at the court house Saturday night. A good audience was in attendance, the majority of which were white. There are some very good voices in the class. They sing together very well, but cannot sing separately. We understand they will give another performance during the Fair.

The bright sun brought out the smiling faces of several of the Hartford ladies Monday evening to witness the race between Oscar Stevens 2 years old, Henry Craft, (16) and Wm. Blankenship's Nonnie, (12). The race was a half mile, Henry Craft got the start by a length, which held to the finish winning by 3 lengths. Stevens has got a good horse and it will take some good stock to beat him.

Mr. L. A. King, the Calicoon doctor, will be at the Hartford House, October 1st, prepared to do all kinds of dental work, and will remain about ten days. Parties wanting first-class work in this line will do well to avail themselves of this opportunity. Call early.

The election for trustees for this town, we held on the 5th inst., and resulted in the choice of three only viz: S. E. Hill, A. D. White and E. P. Thomas. Five others were tied, viz: W. H. Moore, J. E. Fogle, George Klein, Jno. L. Barnett and T. J. Smith. Mr. Smith declined to serve and the seven chosen met last Friday night and organized by electing Col. W. H. Moore, Chairman, J. E. Fogle, Treasurer, and E. P. Thomas, Secretary.

Everything thing about the Fair grounds is almost completed. The amphitheatre has been finished and turned over to the Association. It is a splendid structure, one of the best in Southern Kentucky. The track is a little soft now, but will be in excellent condition by the time of the Fair. The stalls are large, much larger than the old ones, giving horses plenty of room to turn around and lay down. All lovers of that fine sport, racing, will be well pleased with this Fair, for there will be a good many race horses here, several of no small repute.

The following is a list of post offices in Kentucky, that will have the benefit of the immediate delivery system: Newport, Bowling Green, Hopkinsville, Henderson, Frankfort, Covington, Lexington, Louisville, Mayville, Paducah, and Owensboro. By putting an extra cent stamp on each letter and sending to any of the above towns the letter will be delivered as soon as it reaches the office. Each office will employ a few messenger boys and hold them in readiness for 13 hours in each day. The fourth class offices will receive no benefit from the stamps, and thus make more work for them. The system takes effect the first of October.

If you want a refreshing glass of soda water during the Fair, drop in at the Red Front. Its fountain will be in full blast.

Don't get to watch for the eclipse of the moon to-night. The eclipse begins about mid-night and ends about 4 A. M. to-morrow.

Miss Ida Smith, one of the most intelligent young ladies in the county, is teaching the public school at Duke's school house.

Mr. I. F. Manker found a piece of cannon ball in a post hole on the old Fair grounds and has contributed it to our museum.

Mr. C. F. Schimpfner, the boss shoemaker is still on, who will find him at the old stand, where you can get a new boot or shoe made in style and on short order.

Mr. Thompson Mitchell departed this last Saturday morning, at 3 o'clock at his residence, three miles above Hartford. He was 72 years old and has always lived an honorable upright life. His death was caused by blood poison. Rev. J. R. Dempsey was requested and came and held funeral services Sunday. A very large number of relatives and acquaintances attended.

The dwelling house and part of the contents belonging to Mrs. Combs, a few miles above Hartford, was destroyed by fire last Thursday morning. The origin of the fire is not known, but it is supposed to have caught from the cook stove. The building was insured for \$800 and the contents for \$200 in the Phenix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, New York.

When you come to the Fair be sure to put your horses in the new Feed and Exchange Stable, where they will receive good attention. They have plenty of room for 150 horses. Now boys if you want a buggy during the fair, just drop into this stable and you will get a rig that will make you smile all over yourself.

Mr. Nettie Coffleberry, of Osage Mission, Kansas, is visiting her uncle, Mr. W. T. King.

Mr. E. D. Guffy, our fellow-townsman, is very ill at the home of his father in Morgantown.

Mrs. Champion left Monday for Eddyville, Ky. She is in delicate health and is at Eddyville under her father's treatment.

Mr. Daniel King and daughter, Miss Artie, of Somerville, Ind., are visiting his sisters, Mrs. A. P. Hudson and Miss Lucy King.

Miss Nora Massie is very ill in Owensboro, with typhoid fever. Her father, Judge Massie, went down last week and returned Monday. He reports her some better.

Mr. L. Baldwin, the contractor to build the amphitheatre for the new Fair grounds completed the work last Friday. He was ably assisted by Mr. J. B. Rogers. They bid us good by Saturday and left for Rosine.

Henry Pace, the noted tonsorial artist, will move his shop to the Hartford House during the fair, where he will be prepared to do all work in his line with neatness and dispatch. Be sure to give him a call.

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Beaver Dam Notes.

September 21.

Editor Herald:

Though this section of the country suffered extremely from the drought, the result of which will be a very light corn crop, the late rains have very much improved the tobacco crop, and prospects are good for a fair crop of the weed. This will do much to repair the injury, as tobacco is the main staple for money. Farmers are in better humor, and trade in our little burg is reviving rapidly. The miners have all gone to work at 3¢ per bushel for mining coal, and the prospects are that they will have a good run.

Several car-loads of hogs have been brought in this community, at fair figures.

There is quite a surplus of cattle in the country, which could be bought at fair prices, and which would produce quite a source of revenue in the country.

Miss Alice Irwin left for her school at Irwin a few days ago.

Miss Jenny Berryman has secured a school at Concord.

Married—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Franklin Tichenor, Sept. 17th

HARTFORD WEEKLY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY 23 SEPTEMBER.

IRRATIONAL RATIONALISM.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
quarters, that man will come out safe and sound in eternity. A one-sided man, one-sided man is cursed with the fatal cancer of prejudice and by prejucide is a perjured witness against the truth. We have read your side and indeed wish that some of its assumptions were true. Have you studied our side? No, John Stuart Mill says, "I was brought up from the first without any religious belief. It was inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions." And yet, shades of Caesar, listen! "In giving me an opinion contrary to that of the world my father thought it necessary to give it as one which could not be prudently avowed to the world." The Bible says "The fool has said in his heart, there is no God." Some fools talk it, others think it. Dr. Johnson said, "Bolingbroke, sir, was a scoundrel and a coward, he boasted a blunderbuss against Christianity which he had not the courage to fire during his lifetime, but left half a crown to David Malet a hungry Scotchman, to draw the trigger after he was dead." I recollect Mr. Mill thought that Johnson's "volatic tartery" could give off quite a severe "shock of thought." Death is an honest hour. It tells no lies. Tyndall died when dying. "If there be a God, I desire that he may have mercy on me," David Hume's nurse said, "I will never again witness an infidel's death-bed." Grant Thorburn who knew Thos. Paine well, said: "He was an unprincipled and despotic traitor, who had sunk in his own estimation as well as every one else. His deathbed was horrible." This is the chosen champion of liberty. Voltaire, after reflecting on man, writes "I tremble upon a review of this dreadful picture, to find that it implies a complaint against Providence, and I wish that I had never been born." But has not Christianity had its unworthy members? Yes, indeed. But did Christianity make them such? It is perfectly consistent with the principles of infidelity to belittle, to criticize, and to moralize. How? Why to believe there is no world, but the present, no judgment of life's deeds hereafter, is to license any crime, to remove every restraint from vice, every constraint to virtue. Let men believe such a creed and not only the reign of Terror in Paris, France in 1792, when the atheistic howl of August 10th was proclaimed "there is no God but Reason and Death is an eternal sleep," but the whole earth would be drenched in human gore, dagger would flash to dagger, liberty would flee the earth, and universal, unmittigated horror would hang in stable folds on man's life and destiny. Not by men false to their creed do we judge of the merits or demerits of the creed, but by men under conditions which try the reality and worth of human convictions do we invite comparison and criticism. Though I may not be able to follow you in all the subtleties of your reasoning yet when I see your courage forsake you in the most needful hour I begin to suspect that your reasoning is false-irrational rationalism. Learning that can bewilder the multitude and yet has not the courage to take the consequences of its own opinion, is doomed to deserved disgrace. A man may be better than his creed. An infidel, to be a good man at all, must live above his creed. What little moral light his character has it has either borrowed or stolen from Christianity. Morality is the moonlight of the sunlight. The materialist may be a bad man consistently with his creed, but the Christian professor cannot afford to make the slightest departure else his creed condemns him. It is what I believe that determines my character, and not how earnestly and honestly I believe anything I please. Civil law says a man cannot do as he pleases unless he pleases to do right. Divine law says a man cannot think as he pleases unless he pleases to think right. The State deals with crime. Christianity with sin. As a man thinks so he is. Hobbes, Hume, and Mill ought to have done their own martyrdom. The noble deed could not issue from an ignoble thought. You cannot object then to our waiting until that theory has been more fully tested. Science is as yet but a scrippling. It "thought is the expression of molecular changes" we feel disposed to ascribe your errors to some defect in your knowledge and practice of the laws of Hygiene. Certain physical influences have made you a fool. That is your theory. Mr. Huxley says: "A microscope and nettle are necessary to discover certain facts in nature, hidden from the unaided eye." Granted Mr. Huxley. As in science a man is a tool who speaks of the properties of a plant not having used a microscope, who speaks of the size and density of a star without the aid of a telescope, who confounds real fire with its reflection unaided by a polariscope, what is to be thought of him who asserts an opinion about Christianity without having the aid of his professed instruments. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned." We will insist in the solution of the "origin of things?" Mr. Mill to the contrary? notwithstanding Who made all things? God. What is God? "God is love." What the greatest commandment? "Thou shalt love." To whom does God reveal himself? "He that loveth me I will manifest myself to him." The love-student solves the enigma. A self-satisfied mind is equally against science, learning, everything. "The carnal mind is enmity against God—not subject to his law." Not against religion only but even against the author of religion even against His law, his government his discipline, his word. It is the moral, not the spiritual only, arrayed against God and his government. The heart is corrupt therefore the head is wrong. The best seed in the poorest soil grows the sickliest harvest. The wisest head



A. E. STEVENSON.

First Assistant Postmaster-General—
The Man who Appoints New
Postmasters.

on a corrupt heart cannot bring forth richest, purest thought. This character tends to dual permanence. Mr. Darwin says the ostrich once had wings but failing to use them their strength went to feed its legs, and the species was changed. The giraffe once had a short neck but by stretching it to get its food from the tops of palm-trees, its species was changed. What is true in the scientific is true in the moral world. The non-use of the long use of a mental and moral faculty tends to its extinction or permanency. A man can be brought to believe a lie and be damned." The conscience scared, the mind darkened, the moral nature indurated, the will obdurate, the whole man changed into a living lie. Damned above ground. The mortgage on his destiny foreclosed. His doom forever sealed, and he complacent, stupefied, satisfied to meet his hopeless doom. Character tends to final permanence. But I must close. Hear me but a while and I have done.

"Cæsar seems the Great Avenger. History's pages but record, One death-grapple in the darkness. Twixt false systems and the Word. Truth never wins the scaffold, Yet none fear to die for her; Yet that scaffold sees the future, And behind the Great Unknown Stands the God within the shadows, Keeping watch above his own."

If I have done well it is that which I wished. If ill, it is that which which I could attain unto. If I have led one heart to hate the Bible less, and to love God more, if one soul has been inspired with deeper reverence for Him who reigns in heaven and rules on earth, if one hand has been moved to call a single flower from the gardens of nature for the coronet wreathing the brow of the once bleeding Immanuel, if one heart throws down its weary burden, if one cheek is dimpled with joy, one life made brighter and better, one wandering star reclaimed, only, one field my work has been a success, my visit to a blessing. Remember, on the arena of the human soul a fearful war is waged. The powers of darkness are arrayed in deadly combat against the powers of light. Mohamad said: "Paradise is under the shadow of swords." Jesus said: "Not by might but by my spirit" right is might. God is immutable. He can not change. You are mutable. You must change. The way is before you. God's law does not make the path strait, only reveals that the path is strait, the gate narrow. Would you have them wider? Strait is the gate into wisdom's temple, few enter. Strait the gate to fame, few enter. Striat the gate to common honesty, few enter. "Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people," so is hell. Jesus asks no man to accept his teachings on the ground of personal authority. A thing is not true because I said it. I said it because it is true. It was always true. Before you reject divine truth test it, try it, examine it. It is irrational to do otherwise. Why don't men accept my religious views? said a fanatic. The reply was: "Go off and die, be buried and rise again the third day and you will succeed." Nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash the stain from McBeth's right hand. When I come to life's inevitable, three things I desire—a past whose record is clean, a present whose light is clear, a future whose hope is bright.

"I listen man, a voice within us, that is the spirit of sinning words: 'Man, thou shan't have it.' Our son's. Accidental hands by angel's fingers touched the world and stars of morning song together, send forth still the song of our great immortality."

I thank you most heartily for your patient attention. Long live this Christian institution, moral and intellectual pharos shedding light far and wide over minds enslaved by darkness, enfeebled by ignorance, and ruined by sin. And when the final accounts are made and awarded may many an honored son and polished daughter from this college adorn the ranks of the glorified and shine as the stars forever and ever! You are just entering a year of toll, May it be one of triumph! As we meet and greet each other on life's high way may the way be beautiful with the rays of virtue and truth! Beyond the tomb may we all enjoy the deathless fruits of "Faith Hope and Charity." God bless you all.

"To me she is a pearl to make reply. 'Tis but to do and die."

A Sad Career.

The divorced wife of a Bonanza millionaire recently came to a mournful death principally from taking chloral, which unsettled her mind and demoralized her whole physical system. She had been weakly and ailing and felt her need of something to drown her sorrows and brace her up. Had she taken Brown's Iron Bitters she would have been invigorated so that she could have fought her sorrows off, and enjoyed healthy life. This valuable medicine cures general debility, tones the nerves, strengthens the muscles and aids digestion.

A recent invention is a machine for cutting grass by electricity. A small dynamo machine weighing not over 83 pounds is the basis. It generates a current of electricity that heats a metallic ribbon white hot. This ribbon burns the grass off close to the ground. The flavor of hay mowed in this way is said to be greatly superior to that cut by the ordinary method.

Don't Look Like a Wreck.

"When a man is going down hill everybody is ready to give him a kick." That is so. It is sad, but natural. Why, many a man and woman, seeking employment, would go out if their hair hadn't been so thin and gray.

ALBERT ELLIOTT
Providence, R. I., June 13, 1885.

Treatment on Blood and skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3,
Atlanta, Ga., N. Y., 169 W. 23d St.

A Good Offer.

We will send the HERALD and the American Home for one year to every new subscriber for \$1.50. The American Home is a monthly paper published at Princeton, Ky., by Rev. T. E. Richey, and is devoted to temperance, religion and general news. Subscribe and receive both papers for the price of the HERALD.

GLASS HOUSES.
They who live in Glass Houses Should Mind How They Cast Stones."

The wicked die when no one pursues." It is amusing to see how tender-footed certain blood remedy proprietors have become of late. They make much ado about "apes and imitators" when none are in sight.

The proprietors of B. B. would say most emphatically that their remedy stands upon its own merit. Should we attempt to imitate, it would not be those who do not understand the modus operandi of that which they offer. Our own long experience in the profession precludes such an idea. The field for blood remedies is large and broad, affording ample room for all present aspirants. We do not desire to close the door against others neither shall it be closed against us. B. B. is the quickest remedy, does not contain mineral or vegetable poison, does not irritate, and is in the field as an honorable competitor for public favor, and its success is without a parallel.

35 At

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block Rochester, N. Y. 113 eowly

Important.

The following is a list of soldiers, originally from Kentucky, who fell at the battle of the Alamo, Texas. The heirs of either of them can learn something of great interest by addressing the editor of the HERALD:

Smith Johnson, Joshua Caldwell, Allen Haleman, George Smith, John Birth, Jesse L. Massie, Charles D. Chance, Donald Hood, William Jackson, James Diek, Joseph E. Rogers, Thomas Spear, Joseph H. Rogers, Charles D. Shaw, Jerome E. Owen, Jacob Bettis, 27 ft. Augustus S. Kincheloe.

Vine Grove.

September 11th, 1885.

Editor Herald:

The long needed rain has come at last, but is too late to do much good towards the crop except tobacco.

Farmers are cutting and will cut the greater part of their corn, this being almost the only hope for feed this coming winter. Notwithstanding the long continued drought, we have two abundant crops, one is of katalys the other other grasshoppers.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jarnagin, of Cleopatra, McLean county, visited their old home last Friday, returning Monday.

Miss Magdalene Rogers in company with her two little sons, Alfonzo and Alonso, went to Rosine last Friday, returning on Sunday.

Miss Mary E. Young, of Ball Knob neighborhood, spent a few days in the Grove this week.

Miss Sue Taylor begins school here Monday next.

Mr. Charles Kimbley speaks of leaving this part of the country to find a future home.

The Sunday school at this place is doing very well, though small in numbers success will crown its efforts, rightly conducted. The Sunday school is something that should exist in every neighborhood to train the young in the ways of truth, morality, and religion.

News is scarce, so I must close.

ARE BE JAY.

A Voice From Providence, R. I.

For twenty years I have been afflicted with a dreadful blood poison, and during all those years I have had the best medical advice in the country the physicians prescribing the only remedies known, such as Mercury and iodide of Potassium, all to no purpose. I am six months in Bellevue Hospital, and became so bad that I despaired of getting well. I then, through advice, went to Europe and tried some of the best physicians there with the same results, and I returned again to this country. Finally I went to New Orleans, to be told that the French doctors understood the treatment of my case better, and perhaps could cure me. Alas, however, after taking more mercury and potassium from them, I became so much worse that I gave up to die. So bad had I become that I was a sight to behold. I had large ulcers all over my body and face. There were holes in my legs that you could put a hen's egg in, clear down to the bone. A number of pieces of bone came out at my ankle, and now I carry the scars on my face and body of the frightful character of this disease. I then came back to Providence, and by chance got hold of a paper with the advertisement of Swift's Specific in it of a wonderful cure. As a last hope I thought I would try it. Thanks be to God, I can say to-day that I am perfectly cured, having taken medicine about three months. Up to the present date no symptoms of the disease have returned, and I feel as well as before I was poisoned. I have nothing but two scars to show that I was ever afflicted. I consider S. S. S. the best and only remedy to positively cure blood poison, and I honestly recommend it to all who are afflicted with it.

THE SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO.

Patent Medicine.

Patent Medicine